

Innis Herald
'89-'90
Mar. 1990
Volume 24
Issue 5

THE INNIS HERALD

Conspiracy Issue INSIDE:

The Black Beast vs.

The Black Beast. Which do you choose?

Which is being chosen for you?

... no
New day
for sensation an
at the bottom of
awareness and fru-
stration of own fail-
ure. Ideology of failure.
How with real ideas
love. All contacts immedi-
ately and joy. Everything else is
gigantic bore. Shyness comes to coal.
... always religious, a cold light on our own incompleteness.
... improve
... - Bennett Orogan, "There Is a Great Deal to be Said About"

the key to the storm. The facade of present
Each day the cement crumbles a little more and
Portions of chaos everywhere as we grow aware
one is shrinking into itself; only the present seems to
heroes of history.

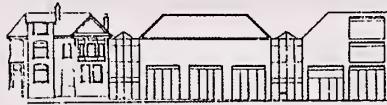
... Work is time spent in thrill.
... ion spray the false
...

... ing on pagan
approach the
ce and hunger
no last century.
ill time, death
spable youth and
ability of defeat
beyond guilt, hate, or
... where words are judged in
unique with sentence. Basic impulse
Like a debauched child's face

... and
... are exciting, exciting
... our lost blue relevance. Children are learning the first
... our past innocence. Learning that today is the first
...

... with
... Mad exuber-
... pose to existence in it
... vated in games which is
... and one enters the inci-
... pitation. Beyond the po-
...

... reach into an underground
... All real things are to be
... on. Politics is an arena
... us and ...



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"The policeman is not there to create disorder, he is there to preserve disorder."
— Mayor Daley of Chicago, 1968

The Evils of Convenience

Well, this Black Beast thing probably needs some explaining. Robert O'Driscoll, in *Nato and the Warsaw Pact Are One* refers to two Black Beasts: the Black Beast of the Apocalypse, of Christian Iorc, and the Black Beast that comes out of a toe in Celtic Mythology. The latter is the embodiment of the human imagination and ideal.

There is a war going on, and we are participating in it every day. When we watch TV. When we stand in line to get numbers from Das Maschine (welfare lines, student J.D. lines, bank lines, etc. etc. etc.). When we listen to music. When we vote (although this front is rapidly losing its significance). The battle is between the forces of the Black Beast and the Black Beast.

The Black Beast of the Apocalypse says: "Give me your freedom, your mind, your individuality and your power of reason and rebellion, and I will try to stave off the end of Everything for a few more days, by which point you will be too incompetent to care." You can either live safe or sane. The Black Beast of the Apocalypse tells you to live safe.

This tactic, a fear tactic, has turned us into a herd of cows. We are the generation that will decide the fate of the human race, and we can't even decide what brand of beer to drink. What does this mean? It means that we are slowly but surely being taken over.

S.I.N. number. Student number. Driver's licence number. Telephone number. OHIP number. Take a number please. Number 539. These are the numbers of the Beast.

Married With Children. MTV. *The Hogan Family*. MTV. *Three's Company*. *Wheel of Fortune*. *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. These are the faces of the Beast.

This is what the Beast does to you:

- teaches you to choose the status quo over anything else;
- teaches your children to be paranoid greedy xenophobes;
- indoctrinates the world in the ways of lethargy, unthinking, apathy and hopelessness;
- generates a terrible fear of the future which paralyzes you and keeps you from acting in any meaningful and fulfilling way.

These are the names of the Beast: the Moral Majority, the Conservative Party of Canada, the Liberal Party of Canada, Pat Sajak, Ayatollah Khomeini, Oral Roberts, Nicolae Ceausescu (who was illiterate), Idi Amin, Margaret Thatcher, George Bush, The New Democrats, Dan Quayle (who doesn't deserve the American people as much as the American people deserve him), Mary Brown (former head of the Ontario Censor Board), Rodney Dangerfield,

Oliver North, Joe Cummins (environmental farmonger)... The list goes on indefinitely, and at some point, each and every one of us is on it.

These are the characteristics of the Beast: bureaucracy, inaction, a glorification of static structures, a love of numbers, a compulsive desire to organize people, apocalyptic ideology, nihilism, greed, hatred, unconditional love.

The Black Beast of the Apocalypse is winning. It is

winning you and it is winning me. Here are a few examples to demonstrate why this is so.

For the price of a case of beer you can buy an acre of land in the Amazon and preserve it for future generations. We generally buy the beer.

Instead of that case of beer we could sponsor a child so that he or she could eat. We choose to get drunk, because that is expedient. Sponsoring a child costs about \$25 a month. If you smoke a pack a day, you spend five times that in a month just for the pleasure and indulgence of destroying your lungs.

Let's not whine. Most of us are not rich. A rich student is something that doesn't often exist and when one does, it is such a self-contradiction that the uselessness of excess money becomes glaringly apparent. But we all can afford to do something like this. And if we, who, despite our relative poverty, are some of the richest people in the world, are unwilling to do something, then things will generally remain undone.

But the Beast is a very insidious presence. It does not tell us not to do these things. Rather, it kills in us the imagination necessary to conceive of a better world. It destroys thought guilt and fear the hope and strength within each human being to follow his or her

destiny to the end. One of its most secretive and all-pervasive weapons is: convenience.

A remote control means you never have to stand up. Seven-Eleven means that you never have to go far. News at Eleven, so you can be shown the world without having to enter it. News at Ten, if you can't wait for the News at Eleven. New. Improved. Faster, so you can have more time with your remote control. CDs never scratch and you don't have to do anything but press a button. Microwaves, so you don't have to wait for the TV dinner you couldn't be bothered to cook. Diet pills, so you can lose the TV dinners from the microwave while sitting with your remote control watching the News at Ten. Welfare, so we don't have to care about the homeless that we see on the News at Ten while we munch on our microwave popcorn.

The Black Beast of the Cells is a very different animal. This Beast is the sworn enemy of microwave popcorn and *Police Academy* films. This Beast is the champion of the human spirit, the imagination, the concept of the ideal, the desire to act, the need to change the world. This Beast is in each one of us, as well.

The Black Beast wants you to think. It hates *Three's Company*, it hates five-year plans. It hates

government subsidies, it loves charity when it's sincere. Accept the Celie vision of the Black Beast and you will find yourself frequently disgusted with what you are capable of doing and not doing, but, things will begin to happen. You will begin to care.

The reason that O'Driscoll uses this mythology is so that we can be led into a more fantastic world. A world of plastic and silicon is nothing to be too enthralled with — a world where you are constantly fighting to retain your status within the human race is much more exciting and much more likely to incite you to think, imagine, and care. The mythic world is a more accurate representation of the real than any other, because within it the things of importance are embodied and enlivened.

Sarre said that thinking is only a prelude to action. In saying this he shows his awareness of the fact that human beings are in a world, and that we have hands to do things in and with the world. One may think for as long as one wants, but until you have left your fingerprints on the world, you are nothing.

It is the Black Beast or the Black Beast. There is a real struggle going on, real enough to deserve the mythos that will inspire humanity to endure and prevail.



The Innis Herald

March 1990, Volume 24, Issue 5

Our Ever-Growing Editburo Elite

Editor-In-Chief-In-Need-Of-Relief.....	Keith Denning
Assistant Editor In Charge of Ranis.....	Brigadier Blitz
Poetry Editor With The Requisite Long Hair.....	Braz
Film Editor In Charge of Raves.....	Steve Gravestock
Environment Editor and Illuminator of Our Lives.....	Cheri
Theatre Editor and Token Campbell Soup Kid.....	Rick
Gopher (doubles for other small furry animals).....	Daniel Hill
Photographer On Loan From The Mike.....	Jim Des Roches

(*Sean Gregory* is Honorary Assistant Editor since he can undoubtedly do a better job than Mr. Blitz.)

The Masses (Contributors)

Articles and Stuff:

Kathy Humphreys, Richard Stirling Robinson, Karen Sumner
Jeff Tenant, Odin & Warren, Cheri, Keith Denning, Myrtle

Auntie 'M', Rick Campbell & Steve Gravestock

Poetry &c.:

John Anderson, Sean Gregory, Braz, Blitz, Lucretia
Mishka, Daniel Hill, Yukio Koglin, Irene Juurlink

& Loren Davis

Letters and Threads:

Lisa Mullwyk, William Bell, the mystery TA, Siggy Wister

& Auntie 'M' and the SFFIHA TWETAE.

This paper is completely biodegradable. But then, isn't everything in the long run? I mean, one good-sized vial of hydrochloric acid will get rid of practically anything you want in time. Anyway, dump it in a recycling box when you're done with the good bits.

LETTERS

The Inns Herald has an open letter policy. All letters must be signed and must be free of racist, agit, xenophobic, sexist, homophobic and/or terminally stupid content. Opinions expressed in letters, as in all submissions to the Herald, are attributable only to the authors. No liability can be assumed by the Inns Herald, the Inns College Student Society or the publisher. Go put that in your pipe and smoke it.

How to edit the Herald

To the editor:

Let me just say, at the risk of sounding like an unreasonable bitch (which I am) that it is news to me that it is against Herald policy to respond to articles in the same issue in which they are published. (You knew I was going to write, didn't you Blitz?) It seems to me, that in the October 1989 issue of the Herald, that Jim Shedd was allowed to read my article on the status of the pub and respond to it in the same issue as it was printed. Hmmm. Has the editorial policy changed since October? Did Blitz (and Shedd, who I'm positive is old enough to know better) fuck up, leaving it to Denning, in a fit of responsibility, to assert this policy in connection with the "Nattering Nabobs" article? Or, is it just that nobody knows what the fuck the editorial policy of the Herald is? Or, is it just that nobody in the whole organization knows what the fuck is going on?

Several things lead me to conclude the latter.

Having gotten that off my chest, let me offer some advice/observations regarding the policies of the Herald:

Re: articles about ICSS activities. Since the policy of the ICSS is that anybody belonging to the college can go to a meeting and find out what's going on, and vote even, I don't think you should worry too much about them not submitting articles. If anyone wants to know what's going on (alas, most don't) they can go to a meeting, or stop by the office. Not to worry.

Re: sports, college happenings, etc. Since the paper only comes out once a month (speaking in very loose terms) I don't think this type of reporting, i.e. news reporting is that vital. All the news would be too old. Imagine if I had submitted sports scores on the January 15th deadline for the last Herald, which I didn't acquire until Feb. 5. The scores would have been three weeks old before anyone read them. Who cares?

Re: poetry. I understand that somebody (the editors or whoever - do we have a publisher in the strict sense?) had decided that the Herald is a *forum* for student opinion rather than a *newspaper*. This is cool. However, I'm a little concerned about the inclusion of poetry. doesn't this kind of undermine the role of SCATI within the college? Using the Herald as a *forum* for opinions regarding day to day life in the university is fine. Using it as a *forum* for poetry is stretching its boundaries in such a manner that it threatens the college's literary publication.

Re: your problems getting submissions. Maybe if you had, like, *meetings*, and maybe if you, like, posted more signs about deadlines, you would get more submissions. As you pointed out in your last issue, only about five people (your number) read the Herald. If this is the case, what is the point of all the little innuendos contained in the last issue urging



people to write? You'll only get five articles. Try publicity throughout the college. It will probably reach more people, but I'm warning you, they won't all like the Dead.

You can take my suggestions, or leave them. But what I think you guys need is a good right-wing success-hungry publicist. Come on, sacrifice your belief in the style of the paper for success.

- Lisa Muliwyk

The editor replies, if somewhat tentatively: I would first like to point out that letters,

A low blow to Mo

Dear Shmo of the Land of Sappy:

La prima cosa nessuno di non es italiano.

Having said that, I'd like to point out our only problem with writing this letter: you are probably the type who really gets off on getting annoyed feedback.

My parents did indeed discover my dark secret. I can scarcely bring myself to recall the look in their faces as they uncovered my dual life as a smoker. I'm not sure how they did it -- I'm sure I didn't tell them. Maybe I shouldn't have asked dad for the light... Incidentally, I suppose it's this costly addiction of ours which prevents us from updating our faded pants collection. How's that for priorities? Chacun sa gout (and no we're not French either).

On to other matters. I would have to guess when one spends his time, as you seem to do, making his own pathetic situation worse, by belittling it, and lying to himself about the situations of others, card playing probably seems a little wasteful. Of course I've never given your hobby a go, so I can't really say for sure.

We the arfag, headache-stricken, birthmarked, pseudo-Italian, poorly-yet-expensively dressed, useless patrons of the cards have not taken offense to your letter; we just forgot our cards at home, so we thought we'd write you to get our minds off this music.

While writing we think we may have stumbled across your problem. here at Inns we do some crazy things: we treat people fairly, and accord our trust and affection on the basis of personalities, values, morals, etc. Call us crazy but we don't judge people according to race, religion, jacket cost, and so on.

We think we may also have some solutions to your problem:

1. start playing cards to ease this pessimistic paranoa of yours;
2. sit somewhere upwind, so your delicate olfactory won't be bothered by lingering cologne;
3. go home and stay there;
4. don't hang around Inns;
5. start a career in small time real estate, the returns are favourable and you can set your own hours.

Correction, we were offended by your racist remarks (xxxx in the article). None of us is actually Italian (not that there's anything wrong with being Italian, and I'm not just saying that because I like the food), we are actually incredibly

diverse in our ethnic backgrounds. Kind of a euchre-playing-global-smorgasbord. The idea that ethnicity has some kind of bearing on character is obtuse, small, marrow-minded, demeaning, disappointing, wrong, bullish, offensive, and proof that evolution doesn't work as well for some people (by which I mean you), and just plain fucked-up.

So don't do it.

Anyway Shmo, that's where we stand on the assholes at Inns issue. Remember: never, ever play the right bower on top of your partner's off-suit ace, if the person next to you has the nine, and you haven't any other trump, and you need the next three tricks.

Love, Auntie "M" and the SFFIHATWETHAE (Society For the Furtherance of Inter-partner Harmony and the Advancement of Third World Euchre Tournaments and the Hindrance of Assholes on Earth).

Mickey Mouse

Dearest Herald of Inns:

Is it possible to get a subscription to your newspaper? It makes me very embarrassed to walk into Inns College to pick one up and feel like people are laughing at my funny haircut.

I don't go to university but I'm a great fan of your paper and hope I merit a position on your staff some day.

Would that mean I would have to belong to your college? Yeah, I guess so. Oh well. Is it true that Inns College only offers 'Mickey Mouse' courses? That's what my mom says. Please help me. Thank you.

Goodbye,
Siggy Wister

Dear Siggy:

Your mom's wrong, and you'll have to stop listening to her if you ever hope to join our diminished but undaunted staff. Herald editors and staff are sworn never to listen to their moms. And lots of us have funny hair. Once, I saw one of the editors and I laughed for a week.

El Editor Supremo

P.S. I can hand deliver you a copy when it comes out for a nominal fee of, oh, let's say the cost of my rent.

A Hair-raising error

Dear editor:

re: the review in the Jan/Feb Herald of The Sensual World (Kate Bush) by Tombstone.

Let me start off by saying "Mmm... yes." I do agree with almost everything Tombstone had to say in his review and was most impressed with his obvious familiarity with Kate's older work. His is easily the most knowledgeable Kate Bush review I've ever read in any campus paper.

But -- Kate CUTTING her hair extremely short!! Never! That would be sacrilegious! I think that on the cover of The Sensual World Kate must have had her hair tightly pulled back, for it is as long and flowing as ever in the videos for "Love and Change" and "The Sensual World".

Anyways, good review.

-- William Bell, VIC II

there are posters all over the college now. Actually, this time around, we already have piles of submissions.

I don't think that we could put SCATI into any greater danger than they've managed to put themselves in. SCATI, in the first year I was here, was a force to be reckoned with. They have some sock-pulling to do now, I fear.

And finally, the editor is far less interested in whether our writers like the Grateful Dead than he is about whether they like Schoenberg and Penderecki.

as per news service tradition, are frequently replied to, and that this doesn't break Herald policy. Speaking of Herald policy, that one bit of policy to which you referred came about because of the Pub Article Controversy of which you were a centrepiece. You should be proud to be an instrument of social change at the college and perhaps the universe at large.

The ICSS used to write many articles in the past. Those of us who had classes or were writing essays or were (heaven forbid) working at the times that

the ICSS had meetings could know what was being decided without us. They don't now. People don't care about things they don't know about. If they don't know what was passed at the latest ICSS meeting, they sure as hell won't care. There is at least a slight chance that they would care if they could read about it.

I don't really care much about sports, but they constitute a large part of many Inns students' lives. They should be heard.

And yes, if you've noticed,

LETTERS

Editorial Mishap

To the editor:

To the editor:
Re: Your editorial, *Innis
Herald*, Jan./Feb., 1990.

While I agree with most of your concerns regarding the "policing" of student publications as it has been proposed at U of T, I would take issue with your characterization of the problem of oversized classrooms. You suggest that the inconveniences that undergrads face, deriving from certain limits placed upon class size, are the products of "some of

size, are the products of some of the professors [who] don't want to teach any more of us than they have to." You then celebrate two professors who found, instead of twenty students, about seventy students on the first day of class, and you write: "Now, being very together professors whose love of teaching far outweighed any anal retentive sense of tenured righteousness, they both accommodated the surprising interest that the student body showed in the subject material." Professors who are not "together," and who insist upon a feasible pedagogical atmosphere (where students are asked to do a bit more than act as they do on any given night at the Cineplex-Odeon), are held responsible for some students' inability to get into a class. You then take a crack at "catatonic" lecturers (and TAs, I presume) without any awareness that such instructors are largely overworked and underpaid on account of oversized classes. Talk to the CUW local 2 or the Faculty Association if you wish to know a bit more about the issues you approach here. Otherwise, you are yet again one victim blaming other victims while the real culprits don't get the criticism they deserve. Furthermore, while you bemoan limitations on class size and instructors' attempts to remedy this situation, you also complain that the university is a "well-oiled machine" which is "spitting out numbers in amounts so large that they have to be useless." Well, you can't have your cake...

I wouldn't worry too much about the administration censoring your paper, since, unwillingly, you are fighting some of its own battles.

Sincerely,
A concerned TA

Dear mystery TA:

That was a TKO if ever I was at the receiving end of one. I must admit that on reading it in print I was very disappointed in my editorial for many of the same reasons that you pointed out to me. You must appreciate that one in a position of such great power tends to get a little bombastic. I think that we would both agree on who the real culprit is.

However, the university is not here to employ professors; it is here to educate students. In that light, the steps that the university took to make life more bearable for the staff (and to keep its machinery well-aided) were manifestly wrong, for those steps did and do make it very difficult for a large number of the students that attend here.

I appreciate that many lecturers and TAs are overworked and underpaid, and that this lowers the enthusiasm of students; however, this problem is not to be solved by making it nigh impossible for any one student to complete a four-year degree here in four years. There are a few professors here who, according to a great many students, deserve the boat. I hope that I do not offend the majority, who do excellent work, by stating the obvious.

The culprits, as we are all well aware, are underfunding and administrative waste. One example is SAC, which, judging by the number of press releases I have received from them in the past month (about twenty), spends most of its sizeable budget on mailing letters, too many of which read something like: "Charles Blutberg said, 'This soup is delicious. Could you please pass the crackers.'"

Thank you for your concern,
The editor.

The editor

Don't forget the Annual
Innis Family Brunch
Sunday, April 22, 1990
11:30 - 1:00
Innis College Pub
RSVP: Audrey Perry: 978-4332
or Jim Sheddien: 978-7790

More on Hummel

Dear Innis Herald:
re: "In Defense of Hummel"
(Herald, Jan/Feb 1990).

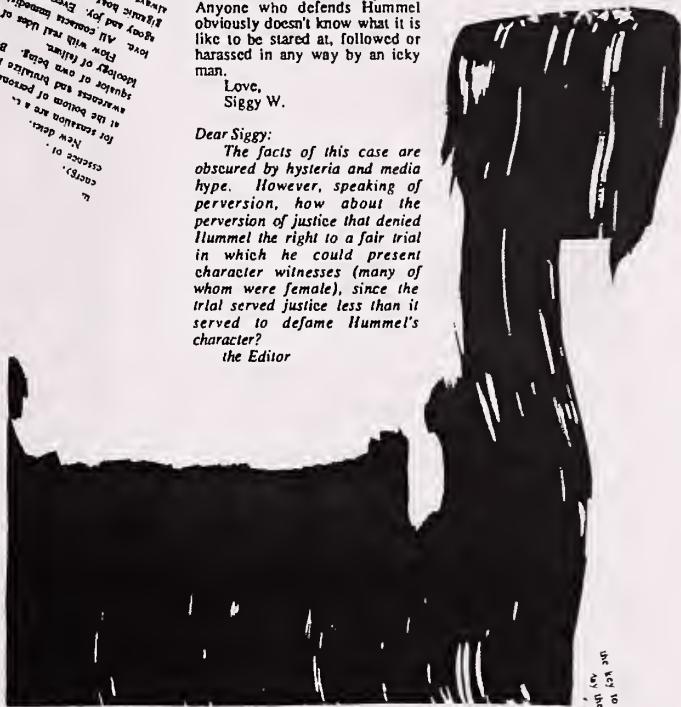
(Herald, Jan/Feb 1990).
Hummel is a pervert. Anyone who finds out girls' swimming schedules just to stare at their half-naked bodies is definitely sick. Anyone who defends Hummel obviously doesn't know what it is like to be stared at, followed or harassed in any way by an icky man.

Love,
Siggy W.

Dear Siggy;

The facts of this case are obscured by hysteria and media hype. However, speaking of perversion, how about the perversion of justice that denied Hummel the right to a fair trial in which he could present character witnesses (many of whom were female), since the trial served justice less than it served to defame Hummel's character?

Editor:



the seeds of present
the key to the storm. The seeds of more and
the center crumbles a little more, grow aware
of the present, only the present, only the present
itself, only the present, itself.

■ NEWS ■

Amnesty Update

Jeff Tennant
President,
Amnesty International,
Group 83

Over the past six months the world has seen a number of rather high and thick walls come toppling to the ground. The Berlin Wall. The prison wall surrounding Nelson Mandela. And the prison wall surrounding the five Romanian prisoners for whom our Amnesty International group on campus (Group 83) has recently been writing appeals.

Yet despite such promising developments, many walls remain standing and the human rights situation around the world as we enter the 90's is still far from being a cause for jubilation. In Guatemala and El Salvador, government-backed death squads continue to abduct, torture and brutally murder people perceived to be opponents. In East Timor, occupying Indonesian forces continue to perpetrate abuses that you will rarely read about in the press. In Yugoslavia, Azem Vilasi, a prominent political leader in Kosovo province, may face the death penalty for "counter-revolutionary undermining of the socialist order". And in the United States of America, over 2000 prisoners wait on death row to be hanged, shot, gassed, electrocuted, or "humanely" killed by lethal injection. In the face of such government brutality, the world's most respected human rights watchdog, Amnesty International, acts according to the Chinese proverb: "Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness".

Amnesty International (A.I.) was founded in 1961 in Britain, and since the beginning based its work on the belief that every person has the right to hold and to express his or her convictions, and has an obligation to extend the same freedoms to others. It is now a world-wide human rights movement which is independent of any government, political grouping, ideology, economic interest or religious creed.

Activists of A.I. adhere to a precise three-point mandate which focusses on prisoners:

1. It seeks the release of men and women detained anywhere for their beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin, language, or religion, provided they have not used or advocated violence. These people are termed "prisoners of conscience".

2. It advocates fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners and works on behalf of such persons detained without charge or without trial.

3. It opposes without reservation the death penalty and torture, or other cruel, inhuman or degrading punishment of all prisoners.

Group 83 is one of about fifteen A.I. groups in the Toronto area. It is run entirely by U. of T. students and is financed through our own fundraising efforts. We have an office on the downtown campus and are also active on the

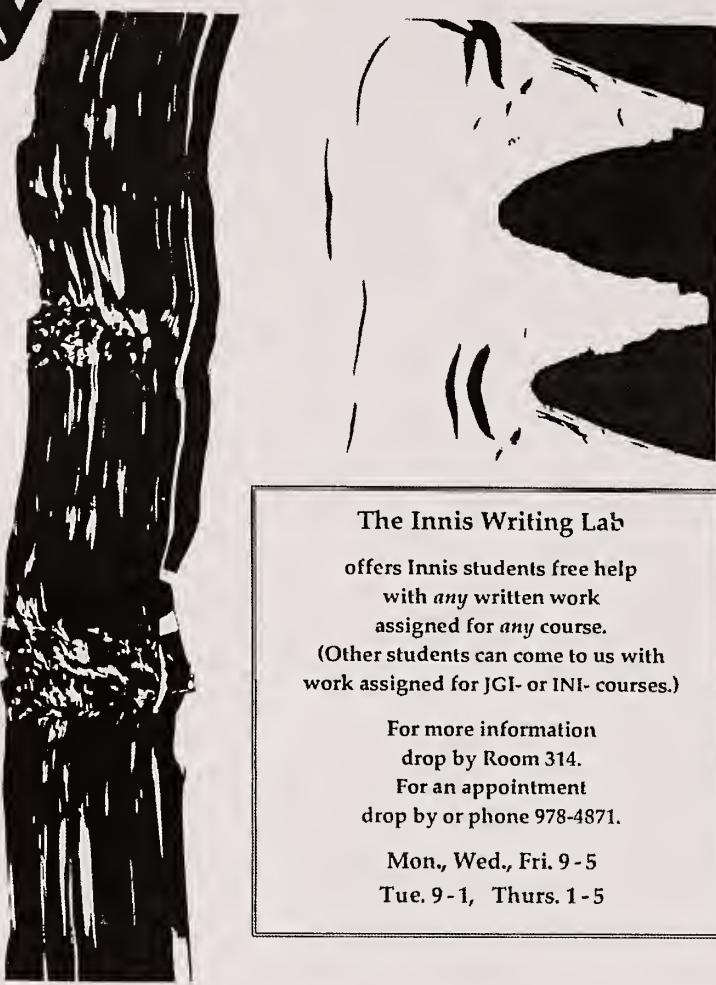
Erindale campus.

Our group organizes many events on campus, from lectures and film nights to vigils and petition campaigns. We participate in the annual Amnesty International Week in mid-October, selected country campaigns, the Urgent Action Network, Religion Action networks (Eastern Europe and the Middle East), refugee work and much more.

One of the most important aspects of any A.I. group's commitment is work on prisoner dossiers assigned by Amnesty's research department in Britain. In the past we've worked on prisoner adoption cases from the Soviet Union, Peru and Nicaragua, as well as an investigation case concerning a prisoner in South Africa. All of these prisoners have since been released. We are currently working to obtain the release of a conscientious objector to military service imprisoned in Greece, and Greek officials have recently begun to acknowledge receipt of our letters of appeal.

If you want to join our group or obtain more information about Amnesty International please contact our office in Innis Room 210. If there is nobody in the office, notices of events will be posted on the bulletin board beside our door. Our answering machine also provides up-to-date announcements of upcoming meetings and events. Our number is: 978-7434.

And don't forget the Wailers concert on March 16. All the proceeds go to a worthy cause: Amnesty International.



The Innis Writing Lab

offers Innis students free help
with any written work
assigned for any course.

(Other students can come to us with
work assigned for JGI- or INI- courses.)

For more information
drop by Room 314.
For an appointment
drop by or phone 978-4871.

Mon., Wed., Fri. 9-5
Tue. 9-1, Thurs. 1-5

Deadline for the April edition of the Innis Herald: March 23rd.

ARTS

A Thousand Mangled Baby Ducks Symphony

Steve Gravestock

Horror movies are generally pretty dismal. The genre has attracted some poets of varying quality (Dreyer and Murnau for example) but their interest in the form itself was usually pretty minimal. They tended to use it once -- mainly because it suited a particular idea they wanted to explore -- and then abandon it forever. Artists who've matured while working in the genre (like De Palma and Stuart Gordon) normally approached it ironically and used it to express an absurdist sensibility. However, the works these artists produced seldom seem like 'real' horror movies because there's an implicit distance from the form in them.

Every once in a while, a competent craftsman does a decent job (see Wise's *The Haunting*) and, even more infrequently, the form provides technically proficient undisciplined bones with enough discipline to make something acceptable. (Ridley Scott's only good film is *Alien*). For those people truly drawn to the form (like Tobe Hooper, Wes Craven or Herb Harvey), making horror movies serves as some kind of bizarre psychoanalysis. Their work is interesting sociologically and psychologically, or because of its influence on more significant figures, but not normally for its own artistic merits. The genre continues to draw viewers because it plays on primal emotions. (In other words, because it can sometimes be dumb, lurid fun.)

However, horror movies seldom reach even that level and the audience usually leaves feeling cheated. Like musicals, horror

movies as a genre almost always promise more than they can deliver. The audience keeps coming back because of that promise.

The genre tends to draw hacks and charlatans. Hackers are preferable here -- as elsewhere -- because sometimes they'll stumble on something in spite of themselves. Charlatans are infinitely worse because, in their hurry to impress (read con) their audiences with their big dumb ideas, they justify whatever big dumb ideas their audiences have and encourage them to continue thinking in the same vein. They inadvertently prove everything prudes and bad high-school teachers claim about pop forms (while they're killing off any interest or enthusiasm you might develop in an art by telling you how good it is for you).

As a genre, fantasy movies are even more contemptible. They're almost the exclusive province of charlatans and they offer less emotionally than horror movies. Worse, the big dumb ideas in fantasy films are bigger and dumber. (See anything with George Lucas' name on it for proof, except Kershner's *The Empire Strikes Back*. Kershner's a real director.)

The novelist-turned-filmmaker Clive Barker is an exemplary charlatan. He fakes it in both genres.

Barker is the kind of figure (I refuse to use the word artist) who impressed adolescents headed for a lifetime membership (actually or spiritually) in the Aryan Army. As an author he's impossible to read. Like Stephen King (one of his biggest fans), he writes mind-numbingly ugly and repellent prose, jam-packed with topical idiocies presented as profound

thoughts. Only a couple of things separate them. Barker makes more use of his thesaurus -- I'm sure lambent is one of his favourite words -- and has a fashionable bohemian interest in extreme forms of behaviour. He's also read a little Jung, or more likely, it's filtered through him.

As a filmmaker, Barker is only slightly more bearable and that's only because film forces him to move faster. *Hellraiser*, his first movie, is beloved by people who consider Ken Russell a genius. Barker was cagey enough to devote a lot of attention to the 'visuals' (something bohemians and adolescent dorks are easily impressed by) and to give it a fashionable whiff of hell (which also impressed the shit out of the same people). Susan Sontag once remarked that the true fashionable hidden passion of the late twentieth century wasn't homosexuality, it was sadomasochism. Barker -- with his astonishing ability to sell this stuff as evidence of his profundity and daring -- makes you think she was right. Barker's villains charged out of their dimension dressed to the nines in S & M regalia while droning on about the exquisite pleasure in feeling excruciating pain. The film was crammed with lengthy, graphic torture scenes featuring his two specialties: hooks plunging into human flesh and skin being ripped off.

Barker differs from other artists who use aberrant behaviour (like Lynch who's truly horrified by it or Almodovar who uses it metaphorically) because he uses it to impress his audience. A true charlatan, Barker has a medieval monk's values and Cecil B. de

Mille's commercial instincts. He openly condemns what he shows and then produces it as evidence of how intense and feverish his imagination is.

Like his soulmate -- David Cronenberg -- Barker operates on an extremely right wing agenda. Sex is bad (the heroines in Barker's movies are curiously sexless); humans are disgusting and bodies are vile.

The proto-fascist elements in Barker's sensibility are especially evident in his latest *Night Breed*. Craig Sheffer stars as Boone who's troubled by bad dreams. It turns out that Boone is actually *Night Breed*, a member of the tribes of the moon. They were almost totally killed off by Christianity and now science -- embodied by Boone's evil psychiatrist played, conveniently enough for me, by David Cronenberg -- wants to do the same. This is horrible and derivative 60's drivel, a mix of Herbert, Heinlein and God knows what else. It's proto-fascist because it's evident, as soon as we get an extended look at the super-powered moon-tribe members, that they are superior to us lowly humans who can't appreciate their beauty and mystery. Sounds a bit like *Mein Kampf*, eh?

The film is incredibly incompetently done. Barker never even attempts to establish an atmosphere and relies on cheap pyrotechnics -- like swish pans -- and blatantly derivative, run-of-the-mill special effects, and a pounding score to sustain viewer interest and create suspense. Barker's so satisfied that his deep ideas will sell the film that he can't even be bothered to pay attention to how a scene plays. When Boone gets

angry at his doctor, he slams a cassette recorder down on his desk. We wait for a loud bang but it's about as loud as a pin dropping. It's like hearing Barker's mind at work.

If you're interested in seeing an entertaining horror film I heartily recommend any of Stuart Gordon's films (*Re-animator*, *From Beyond* and *Dolls*, which boasts one of the best ad lines in the history of movies: They walk, they talk, ...they kill!). If you've already seen those I also recommend Rowdy Herrington's *Jack's Back*, with James Spader. Herrington establishes a nice creepy tone from the very beginning and there's a great, eerie (though cheap) plot twist set right in the middle of the film. (There are also a number of witty visual jokes.)

The film is stocked with distinctive and talented performers (like Robert Picardo and Cynthia Gibb) and Herrington knows how to use them effectively. He's particularly good with Spader. Although Spader is rather limited as an actor (though not nearly as limited as someone like Tom Cruise), he has a tense, vaguely threatening quality on screen. Herrington plays on this -- Spader's most interesting aspect -- effectively by using him as a suspect in a series of murders. Best of all, Herrington has the brains to use the great Chris Mulkey, who's a low-budget version of Dennis Quaid, as comic relief. The film isn't particularly intelligent and it's nothing major. However, it never insults the audience, has no big dumb ideas and is competently made, and that puts it light years ahead of Barker's work.



A Little Revenge Goes a Long Way

Karen Sumner

Tony Scott may not have learned a lot in the years since *Top Gun* but he has learned how to shoot airplanes. In his new film, *Revenge*, the long shots of the jet swooping over some very surreal Mexican landscape offer an exciting opening to what has been promoted as a very exciting film. Unfortunately, all of the fast-paced, violent, stirring revenge in *Revenge* is given to us in the trailer of the film -- what you see before you go is what you get. The rest of the film (and there's lots of it -- over two hours) is mainly a love story, with a few threatening moments thrown in to keep us waiting for that damn revenge plot.

Kevin Costner plays a jet-plane pilot who's bored of his job (huh?) despite all appearances to the contrary, and who quits his career altogether in order to mellow out for awhile. Scott spends the first twenty minutes of the film trying to convince the audience of this

promise, while we wonder why Costner just doesn't take a leave of absence. But never mind -- it's done -- and we'll just have to bear with it and the teary drawn-out farewell with his room-mate, who he'll see in a few weeks when he gets back. He heads off to Mexico-co in his jeep with his dog Rocky to stay with his old friend and Maestro Padre Tiby (Anthony Quinn), whose life Costner has saved on some previous occasion so that they are, of course, the closest of close. There's lots of joking and hacking slapping when he arrives, but we see no real warmth between the two, until of course Costner spots the lady of the house (Madeline Stowe), and then things really heat up. Costner and Stowe have their requisite, pre-contracted Hot & Steamy sex scenes, things get ugly when the big guy finds out, and then the story takes off as Costner begins to take the title seriously.

The film is often hokey, tedious or downright lame (or all

three), but the performances are not bad and there are some truly entertaining sequences. Costner is his usual wooden self, but that's never really been a problem for him (or for me). His flat, monotonous voice and his physical movements seem so untrained and unprofessional that he's either a genius or a real hack -- it doesn't really matter which. I have a suspicion that he is incapable of acting outside of the narrow range of characters he's played (they're all pretty similar, some more sarcastic than the others). Or maybe he doesn't act at all, but merely speaks his part and walks through it as casually as a walk through the park. Whatever the case, his lack of polish (or skill) works for him, so that he always a little off-centre and rough around the edges. Just what a leading babe should be.

Casting Anthony Quinn as the bad guy is a good piece of type. He's got a hulking, croaky quality like John Huston, only he's beefier, the way a Mexican mob boss

should be. He looks like a man of power, even at his more softly indulgent moments. The draw-back of the character -- not the actor -- is his predictability. That he turns out to be a nasty piece of work is oh so yawningly expected, and none of his hideous deeds shock us. Quinn has a nice light touch though and looks pretty good in a Speedo for an old guy. Despite my reaction, we are surely meant to be somewhat repulsed by his marriage to his young and beautiful wife, but Stowe leaves an impression in the film. It's not about her, it's about what evil things can be done to her and what heroic things can be done for her. She, alas, can't do anything but fall in love and then react to the men of action around her. It would have been interesting had Scott allowed Stowe to take some part in the whole revenge process. Instead, her passivity and cruel treatment act as the usual catalyst to get the men angry and the plot moving. Having done this, she simply expires on cue, just in time

to breathe "I love you" to her saviour.

The film is not all bad. There is a nice sequence when Costner and Stowe first make love. It is at a huge, glamorous political party for Quinn, where Stowe accidentally (in a terribly orchestrated movement by Scott) meets up with the hunky pilot in a cloak-room. While they passionately but politely get it on, Quinn dances a parody of their tango in front of a clapping, laughing crowd. As he comically prances about removing articles of clothing and hamming it up with one of the female guests, the lovers are doing their slow-motion version of it just feet away. Of course, Quinn looks like he's having more fun ...

A last comment on *Revenge*: The whole thing -- almost every single scene -- seems to have been shot at sun-down. This gives the film a beautiful, hazy golden look, but it becomes a bit monotonous after awhile. It sure makes Mexico and all who inhabit her look gorgeous, but why? It gets a bit comical.

NATO and the Warsaw Pact are One

-- Armageddon is Here To Stay

Keith Denning

In mid-November, Professor Robert O'Driscoll spent the better part of a week in a creative frenzy. The result, *NATO and the Warsaw Pact Are One*, was launched by O'Driscoll and his Committee of Thirteen (composed of his students) at the Kiva Arts Gallery on McCaul Street on February eleventh. To a highly entertained audience of about one hundred, O'Driscoll read excerpts from his 'action poem', demonstrating that the emphasis was on the 'action'. In keeping with the atmosphere of the evening, free Polish vodka was served. The press was out in force; many university papers were there, as well as the local media. The Goddess of the Oggelbox herself, Erica Ehm, was rumoured to be attending, but was nowhere to be found, which, of course, spoiled this reporter's mood for the next four days.

Professor O'Driscoll was interviewed by me the following day. The following is a reconstruction of the very complex and intricate three-hour interview.

Keith Denning: What led you to write the poem?

Robert O'Driscoll: Let me see... I could approach this in a number of ways. The actual poem itself came out in about six days last October, fast November. It was something a student said to me in the office; and I just went home and I started writing, and it just seemed as if the whole thing flooded through. And it didn't change too much, I mean, there were some refinements, and it coincided with the crucial moment of changes in Eastern Europe. It was like I was picking up some sort of signal of something, but it was like also what that student said triggered something within my being and the whole dam came loose. As I say, most of the events that have affected the psychic tissue of my generation are in there in a fragmented or inchoate way, sometimes more sustained.

Enthusiasm. I think enthusiasm means in the dictionary when a god descended in the ancient classical world into a being and affected his approach to things. Now, bits and pieces, lines have been going through my head for three years, because I was very involved in the creation of a Celtic movement in Toronto; and in 1986, everything went wrong.

Yes, that's in the appendix (to the poem).

Right. Davis went out of power shortly before, William Davis, who supplied the resources for a lot of the stuff during the seventies. John

Kelly was removed from Saint Michael's College -- you know, I never did anything without checking with Kelly, you see. I wouldn't ask him directly, but I'd show him. And Zena Cherry in the GM would always make sure that the events that I had here reached a wider TO audience. So, it happened so quickly, and so uncategorically, that I began searching for an explanation. Bits and pieces of the poem formed in an attempt to reach towards some sort of explanation for the catastrophic sort of setback...

...that led to your being removed as Director of the Celtic Studies program. That's right. The reason I was removed as Director of the program was that letter to Sorbara [Gregory Sorbara, who in 1986 was Minister of Colleges and Universities. The letter, and all letters mentioned in this interview, are reprinted in the appendix to *NATO and the Warsaw Pact Are One*.] I had raised a million-and-a-half [for the Celtic Studies program] and Sorbara had announced this fifty million [Ontario university Excellence Fund]. I wrote off to Sorbara, with John Kelly's knowledge. I showed it to him.

Now, I don't know if the eye of NATO was here at U of T was here or not, but in terms of the mythos of the poem, it was an individual seeking money for an academic program, following procedures which he had used before and coming up against some sort of blank wall and irrational denial; and the fact that President Cornell made those statements in the letters that didn't jive with the Minister's added all sorts to my -- not paranoia -- but my feeling... I had a feeling of Don Quixote or something. So poetry, I think, is an attempt to seek an explanation for what is unexplainable in ordinary terms, and the imagination and the Intuition leap towards some sort of explanation. I feel, I must say, as if I cleared an awful lot out of my system with it. (Chuckles) An enema of the soul, so to speak. But it does raise questions about internal matters within U of T. I mean, John Kelly's removal in '86 is still unexplained. What I have in the poem there is what was actually told to me. Did you see that part on the MIS? I suggest (of course in a poem) you can only suggest but there's no denying the literal truth of a poem (too) that there are forces beyond the University... what is called internationally the Grey Men. [The Grey Men are a secret organization of five families, the head of which is presently in Canada. They have existed and prospered by financing both sides of virtually every war for the past three hundred years. They presently control both the United States and the Soviet Union, and

are moving towards the creation of a world state.]

Do the Grey Men exist?

Oh they do. I have a good bit of documentation on them in the form of books and things like that. Again, it's a figure where you can say "Oh God, it's paranoia" or something, but there's a good deal of documentation done by two students who were working on the *Windwords* magazine. The books of Lindsay Gordon, also; I don't know how strong of an explanation that is, but I feel very strongly myself, just based on my own experience, that decisions are sometimes taken in our individual lives by forces which are beyond the sphere of our individual lives. Yes, the Grey Men exist, based on the readings I've done in *Windwords*, based on the books of Lindsay Gordon, based on the bits we know about the Federal Reserve, based on Peter Berresford Ellis' book *The Judas Battalion*. In the latter part of the poem: "The Second World War was a collaborator between the Nazis of England and Germ, / With money from the States, / And helped on by Hapsburg and Rome." He makes a very solid case.

So the reason for WW2 would be to keep the Grey Men in the black.

In the black, yes, precisely. After the Depression they needed to get into the black. I don't know if I can speak as an historian, but as an artist, searching for some sort of explanation of the things that touched me personally, I would not be surprised if the existence of the so-called Grey Men was not a figment of the imagination.

As far as the bottom line of the poem is, and again it's an intuitive conclusion, the suggestion is that the changes which are happening in Eastern Europe are not haphazard, are not accidental, that it is the prelude of a reunited Europe. Whether a World State is in the wings or not, we don't know, but that's what the suggestion is. The other suggestion is in the poem. Of course one must treat the poem as an integrity within itself, I mean, you can make certain suggestions within a poem that you can't actually make outside of a poem.

I was wondering why you chose the poetic form. I thought it might be to obscure some of the references it made.

To individuals and that.

Yes.

Oh, yes, that was one of the reasons.

One of the Committee of 13 mentioned to me that some higher powers were less than pleased with this poem. Have you been contacted by anybody?

No, not since the poem came into the picture. I was in touch with

certain higher powers before

publishing it, but they weren't the same higher powers that would be contacting me. Because I am making some suggestions that money for higher education may have been turned to use for non-educational purposes.

NATO.

Yes, if the NASA computer is connected with NATO, with Star Wars.

Do you believe it is?

I don't know. I don't know. But I did talk to somebody who is an authority on computers, who was here the year that it was bought, and it was he who actually got my mind going, you know, a computer that big can only mean one thing: a connection with the military. I didn't know it at that time, I only heard from one of the higher powers, in fact a member of the Governing Council in January. It may have been public knowledge before them. He or she told me, "Not only are you on the right track, but the computer came from NASA, and it was four years old, so it had time to be programmed." So I put that information in from the member of the Governing Council.

So the computer apparently still functions as a military --

I don't know. But in terms of the mythos of the poem, it is taken to be one of the central nervous terminals of NATO. And this is not the only university, I've been told. There are other universities throughout North America.

In Canada?

No, North America. I think it was the States. Canada wasn't mentioned. You see, when people know that you're doing something like this, they give you bits and pieces of information. Now, perhaps there's a perfectly rational explanation. But again, it doesn't assuage the pain that I experienced as an individual in this University fighting a campaign for twenty years for one of the great neglected areas of civilization, to come up upon this Impenetrable wall in 1986. I think somebody should try to find out if it's been used in terms of NATO or Star Wars. That's only one line of the poem: "...that the Eye of Nato / Is the U of T: / Cornell's computer and a Cyclops eye." It's a very important line, and we have to differentiate as I say, between what is the mythos of the poem and what are the facts and actuality. Now, I'm treading a threshold here. I'm covering myself: I put the poem through a libel lawyer, in case I could be sued by various parties in the poem. I'm dancing on that threshold of "Well... there is this evidence." And then on the other threshold there is the mythos of my poem. But I would be very happy if journalists like yourself could penetrate and discover what is the actual case here, in terms of that Cray computer. What percentage of

academics are using it, and for what?

I've heard that the Cray is not getting an awful lot of academic use because of the costs involved in renting its time.

Of course. Well, there you are. That raises some interesting questions.

Of course it raises interesting questions. Did they make a mistake? Or is it something else?

Do you think that the University or whatever powers might be involved in this have something against Celtic Studies?

Well, I've had nothing but tremendous cooperation from a sequence of university presidents: Bissell, Evans, Ham, David Strangway. Celtic Studies was particularly dangerous in '86 because I had the power at the time - you know, all I had to do was to call the *Globe and Mail* and I had my story in the paper. We built up an awful lot of people through the years, you know, rich people, influential people. It was a movement with an awful lot of sympathy -- an awful lot of Canadians had forgotten forgotten about being Irish, or were ashamed about being Irish because of what was going on [in Ireland]. We had a good deal of support from the Orange Irish, I think it's a matter of the University not being able to follow through on what was initiated earlier. Evans initiated the programs within colleges. The story is quite horrendous, because if you have the Minister giving U of T let's say \$12 million, [of the fifty million dollar Excellence Fund], the price of the computer, they were perhaps afraid of me because I had got \$300,000 from Ireland for Celtic Studies here. And that was running out. Ireland's a very poor country to be subsidizing the higher education of Ontario. And [the subsidy] was coming up for renewal. The story is so complicated I can't even begin to go into it without the documents, and there are literally thousands of pages of documents. Kelly put in a million, I raised a million. Ireland put up \$300,000. And then we come to U of T. They were supposed to put in theirs in '86, and they put in nothing. Now the program is continuing, it is being sustained.

At that point, the poet takes those events, is rather crushed by them, but then a mythology forms in his mind. Now, is the substance of my thing mythologizing or is it reality. Well, I would like to say that all of it founded on reality.

first of two parts

The Armageddon Series Part II: NATO and the Warsaw Pact Are One is on sale in bookstores now. The first part of the Armageddon series, *A Symphony for Three*, and O'Driscoll's autobiography *Mea Culpa: Psychic Warfare in Our Times*, are works in progress.

ARTS

Beyond the Envelope

Eyes Loren Davle

Ice, Jade, reflection pools
almost pure and beautiful pain
A knife imbedded in my torso
Twists, my insides reconfigure
I half-smile; the truth will
Shock them
For them, my disguise is flawless.



Wading In Shades Daniel Hill

Blue tinted waves,
coal burning sand,
islands of people
in groups and in strands.

A social gathering
this beach by the sea
spotted in persons,
people and me.

Sun scorched and pale
there's a father who wades
his daughter in hand, playing in waves.

Is held tight to his side
removed from his gaze:
"daddy is always wading in shades."

Women are framed from
the neck to the thighs
mirrored on edge
of chrome-plated eyes.

And we play
And we laugh,
sun bathe and wade.
Burn in cold water
like ice in the rain.

It's all like a dream with the volume turned down,
Waves on the beach the only voices that sound.

Ode To Thee Mishka

Imagine thyself
on a wide open plain
floating atop the
deep blue sea.

From his sultry lips,
vast sky above
caresses thee with
his gentle breath.

O peace... O peace.

Listen carefully
and to thy ears,
a distant cry rings.
Northward face thee
curious of the shree
and gaze at the
enormous tailfin
submerge below the waters.

It approaches.

Skin to skin,
she circles thy frame.
A tender spurt of mist.

Softly she speaks,
cheek to cheek.
Don't fret,
'tis only I.

Then the mighty tailfin
vanishes beneath the waves.

Free Blitz

falling to the ground
futility — seen now for what it is: my life
my struggle
paralytic acceptance sweeps thru me: do my eyes
close,
or is the world going black?
..... freedom.....
standing before the giant, I feel his power
but refuse to bow to it
he advances: I retreat, then rush past him,
to that which I know he must be guarding
his hand reaches out, drags me back
I stumble, fall: only desperation saves me from
the falling mountain
I rise, and must again retreat
half of me regards the conflict, flame and stars,
song and sea,
futile
time's body is all that shields me from death,
and it is far from infinite
yet I dodge and dance, singin as I fight, and the
song spills from my lips to the air, to be
swept away far beyond the giant's reach
falling to the ground again,
but this time smiling: I go, but the song
remains...
free



Six Epics Imre Juurink

I.
Do not leave me here
in your sea of darkness
playing with its
scattered treasures
and falling consent.

Do you know
I cannot hear you
when you speak
I only need
to see your voice
because the bubbles
all move upward
and give me
a sense of direction
even if I have
nowhere to go.

II.
The stones will sing to me
their voices are so clear
they say to be immaculate
I close my eyes and ears.

I look only inward
at sudden progressions
and hesitant reflections
of the questions that I ask.

Sometimes everything makes almost
perfect sense: I can walk and I can talk
and I can feel your perfect touch
upon my weakened skin.

And how could everything be evil
how could this be such a sin
when deep inside you are within
and I revel at your silent quest for unity.

III.
Courage and Faith
sat down together once
and spoke earnestly
to all the pieces of glass
my hands had placed
inside myself.

They told me
there is place for love
and everything men do
that life is not
a fading star
that I contribute to.

And that night
I could see purity
and I could feel
their strength inside
But why is what they bring
a gift I must accept?

IV.
Your nails
are on
my bedside
table
I look
at them
and sense
their longing
for my blood
so I scream
for you to
put them
on again —
your pain
or mine
is not
so
great a
difference
and I
bear it
so much
better.

V.
And I suppose
we are all alone
waiting
for that final answer
for the stranger
at the door
but our fears
and hopes are silent
behind the bedroom walls
I scream: Please do not leave me
You say: Please ask me not to go
But fear holds its hand
over both our mouths
and once again we are alone
Tell me where does courage hide
when it has no place to go?

On Pseudonyms

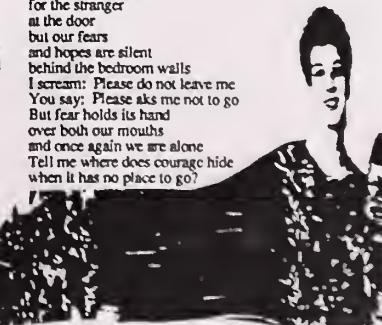
Braz

It seems to have become fashionable to submit work to the Herald under pen names. A few problems have arisen from this. Instead of using a nickname (Blitz, etc.) people are using pen names to hide their true identity. While this may seem trivial, it is very important to us as editors due to the fact that we are held responsible for the articles we print. If we cannot reach the authors for either revisions, explanations, or congratulations, our job is made more difficult.

Obviously I am in favour of people trashing the identities moulded for them, while in a vulnerable state of youthful naivete, by well-meaning societal forces (or for whatever reason someone changes her/his name) but as far as Herald policy, we have to know who wrote what. So, if you want to use a pen name, please include your generally used name. If that happens to be a pseudonym, all the better... I mean, shouldn't everyone name themselves?

A Narrow Crooked Flight Lucretia

Spiralling down
to the deepest,
darkest regions
of consciousness.
I fall
Ashes to ashes
dust to boulders.
No tribute to
this pathetic hero
who strove for the highest depths
and attained,
only,
immortality
by taking the
travelled road,
and now,
while the overcast sky
hides the shining cold black sun,
is buried,
here,
in the Jones' playbox.



ARTS

The Power of Mannerism

Braz

Thoughts of a veil of hair
the colour of intimacy
animate daydreams of freedom and Spring
- the colour of candle-splashed memories of
quickly drawn breaths and baths

Long, beautiful bouts of words
and eyelashes
and mannerisms that strike unaimed
then disappear beneath clocks and calendars
and the ambivalent malignancy of appointment

The fleeting childhood of acquaintance
inevitably becomes a flower,
from a slowly decaying garden, cut from the nursing stem
It lies in state, beautiful and dry
brittle and fragrant within the sleeping room

Beyond the
"Beyond the Envelope"
↓

Some Lines for Blintz

Sean Gregory

blintz: (blintz) n. a thin pancake rolled with a filling
of cottage cheese, often topped with fruit; a dessert.

Mr. Blintz, your spongy frame
Is sustained by runny cheese.
Cease trying to rasp out your fame;
You try to instruct and please,
But the satire of your column
Is itself part of the problem
That you fail to foresee.
Mr. B., you put issues in the stove
That just came from being froze,
Then expect your reader to say, "Gee."
From with folly will you ever be free?

Angry little Blintz, you should be at least a bit grateful
For the faculty at U of T, they keep things alive, not dead!

Poor, poor Blintz: so many isms...
What topping do you choose today?
Individualism?
Or is it anarchy on the tray?
Raspberry and blueberry
Are my personal favourites,
But do they righteously carry
All that goes well with student's rights?
Well, how's about some coffee
To wash away your oh-so-low
Wit that is at best dreary:
It feeds nothing, save your ego.

For your over-cooked words I am not grateful
Mr. Blintz; they've long finished smouldering -- they're dead!

Mr. Blintz sits musing in the café
Half-learning some obscure theory,
But he has really nothing to say:
It makes little Blintz weary --
And the Herald will be in dismay!
(You too?) So! Just turn on the music,
But stay away from that dial
If you like sounds electric,
you'll be punished without a trial.
Mr. Blintz, you've got no style.
Your poorly propounded propositions
Pile up beside your miscalculated
Pancake wrap-around, now soaked in bile.

Grateful are those who eat their courses of knowledge letting a
Dead calm follow full of meditation, not blind application.

Am I punching
too low for our
little Blintz? Well,
I'm sorry if I've hurt you some,
Thou tasty dessert, but be warned,
There may be more to come --
Just keep beating your old drum....

A Token of My Appreciation

Blitz

There once was a young man named Sean
Whose poison tipped pen babbled on
If asked to explain
He would sneer and would say
"It's just that I'm right and he's wrong."

Breakfast With Daniel Lucretia

Not the ordinary
chitchat of familiar friends,
but the rustle of the paper.
Coffee, tea, or me?
Coffee.
Sorry, your loss.

Not the usual
gossip of people passing by,
but the Prince of the Pop-up toaster.
Can't you see?
No.

Light up a cigarette
I cough, blow my nose
The paper is very interesting.
Don't you understand?
No.

Breakfast has come and gone
and nothing has been said
that is of any importance.
When you pay, you don't tip,
and I laugh,
I'm laughing at you, with you,
at the world,
and we leave.
Please.....

(Attempts are futile with closed minds.)

Outside, we say goodbye
and as I walk away, I look back,
(Don't look back you'll only get hurt)
and your figure getting lost in the crowd.

Touched

John Anderson

how the dark close intense of sincerity
the lifting leaning wondering trust
does affect this sole heart, pressed, spilled
realizes of awareness veined and rushed
the almost last tear in the veil that
darkens the golding newly searching eyes
from the glittering world

taken by a hand and shown past the snowy surround
touched by the unsable of introduction
moved and friend spin cling dive twist gaze
this sense is opened sight is wide
the world is ended to begin I'm in
love with all of us
and the riven driven fall in the torn wall.

Still Life

Daniel Hill

The flowers have frozen to the window,
their petals leaning for sun.

They've become in bending a sculpture
stiffed in frost

They've cracked the vase
and the ice has leaked
across the desk in mourning,

though the stems were clipped long before.

Jean Dodot discussing
the bhagavad-gita as
it is.

yuklo koglin

dodot: nothing matters so much
that you really have to worry about
it.

yukio: exactly

d: no i mean worry about
everything because nothing matters.

y: so its really just the mood I'm
in?

d: yes.

later.

d: oh fuck.

y: what

d: i feel shitty

y: the why don't you join me in
this weekend in a two day
course "our lady of holy
redemption bringing the money-
machine to eastern Europe" ..
they don't let you go to the
washroom all weekend, and plan
to cut a hot new single "We
are the world" -- Big Macs to
Bucharest." I think it'll raise a
lot of money for a worthy cause.
(with extreme hope in his eyes)

d: see, redneck, you stand back too
far and you fall off the cliff,
unfortunately you always live from
the fall into the void also....

y: ...also sprach zarathustra;
like Wile E. Coyote also?

d: always. Even the best Foghorn
Leghorn cartoon can become
meaningless when you realize that
old warden is searching in vain
for a hubby and the dawg is
pranking in vain and even Foghorn
is doodadang (in vain)... that's
what they were trying to tell all the
kids when they started making
those mindless roadrunner cartoons
after years of genius -- "life is
meaningless, you devise ingenious
schemes to get dinner but you
always fall off a cliff hungry AND
you have to do it all over again."
Gee-sus!

y: who do you think you are:
Regg Hart?? Ruddy Coaster-
monger!

d: you have to be able to laugh at
everything, even your own death.
Artaud had rocks in his pockets, he
thought the audience was going to
riot.

y: Artaud, Artaud!!!

d: yes, those bits of reality he
talked about, waited for, they come
to the surface because they're
mammals like us, you know. They
breathe the same air we breathe.

y: are you trying to tell me
something?

d: it's the dolphin's knowing eye at
water level and the permanent smile
just below.

y: is that how Artaud laughed
even while pelting Regg Hart
with his stones?

d: it almost wants to make you
believe in the Conspiracy.

y: the Crying of Lot 49?

d: no, it's more like the crying of
Lotto 6/49, there is no formula,
money won't set you free.

y: ok, it's alla hoax then, but
where's your social conscience
man? at least.

d: i must have left it in my other
soot [searching pockets] along
with my wallet ... to coin a
phrase...

y: why, you dirty liar.

[conversation actually took place
over the Labour Day weekend in
the audience of the Jerry Lewis
"Telethon", which is the
relationship between the dolphin
packs and tuna herds which
swim under them as articulated
in the French language.
coincidentally.]

ARTS

Forthright Speaking



Rick Campbell

More on the Toronto theatre scene from Theatre Offstage's playwright/director Laura Forth.

Is there room within the monologue of Theatre Offstage for a production of a Shakespeare play? Theatre Columbus are now doing *Twelfth Night*, for instance. This seems a kind of departure for them.

Laura Forth: Yes it would. It would have to be approached in an entirely radical manner though. For the sake of being radical? It's radical to give an audience a new perspective on an old work. Grotowski's production of *Dr. Faustus* started with the last scene first. Then he did a textual montage of all the other scenes. Skipping from back to front. The whole staging of the play was very weird. The audience were all seated at a dining room table. He knew that his audience knew the play very well but by staging it in this manner Grotowski brought about new ideas and new realizations for them.

It made them consider different aspects of the play they'd either missed or glossed over. Yes. That is my primary purpose in altering a classic text. We costumed the actors in our production of the Restoration comedy, *The Country Wife* in what I call a "contemporary bathroom motif". The "ladies of quality" for instance, wore shower curtains rather than huge dresses. For their huge wigs we used toilet paper rolls that we had spray-

painted. The mirrors that they wore on their waists were toilet brushes. A lot of our prop and costume ideas came from the contemporary bathroom. This not only gave it an absurd flavour but also tied in thematically with the play itself. There's an artifice in the characters. Everyone is supposed to be clean and pure and beautiful, but in reality they live these sordid, petty, dirty lives. We wanted to manifest those qualities. Today, we're all obsessed with personal hygiene. If you don't shower every day or use toilet paper you're a leper of society. We wanted to tie our society's artifices with those of the society portrayed in the play.

What's next for Theatre Offstage? We've got a new show that I'm working on based on quantum mechanics. I'm writing it. Its purpose is to make the spectator re-examine reality. Is reality really cause and effect related? We can only perceive the world in the classical manner of... let's say Newtonian physics. But true reality is quantum reality. We can't visualize that, but it's the way the universe works.

And the play?

It's audience participatory and it's going to be a lot of fun. There will be characters who have their stories to tell. I've realized that unfortunately that's the only way an audience can relate...

What is your favorite sort of theatre?

I love Grotowski. Antonin Artaud. I've had the opportunity to see some of Bill Kischuk's productions at the U.C. Playhouse. He did a thing called *Shakespeare/Artaud Madness*. He'd perform *King*

Lear, playing all of the characters using physical actions that don't necessarily relate to the text. He divorced text from movement and juxtaposed them. A lot of Artaud's ideas are based on Oriental theatre and dreams - theatre based on the unconscious rather than the conscious. Dreams are very vivid. Nevertheless there are incredible symbols and images in them.

The play I'm writing now -- *Quantum Cumquat* -- doesn't have a lot of dialogue, but there's a lot of movement. We'll be presenting a lot of different images on the stage. It will be up to the audience to link them all together. In other words, we'll be challenging each member of the audience to create their own "story". Different symbols mean different things to different people, especially in dreams. The play will have different messages for different people. They also get to participate in the action, it'll be fun. It's drawn from a show I did in Australia. I based that one on Sufi-Hindu reincarnation theory. The characters started out as vegetables then became animals, then people. They all tried to lead purer lives each time but if one made a mistake it was back to being a cumquat. So it becomes a competition between the characters. Where are you doing this?

At the Fringe Festival. I think that will be in early August. Hopefully we'll be held over like we were last year when we were chosen as one of the five "Fringe's Choice" productions.

What productions in Toronto really impressed you last year? Theatre Augustus's *Indulgence*. Once again a lot of people could see that show and say, "That's not a play!", but there were some very striking images. And it didn't molly-coddle or manipulate its audience. *Mump and Smoot* was another very good show -- at Factory Theatre. It used clown techniques. I can't really recall everything I saw.

How about the worst play?

The worst... humm... I guess *The Phantom of the Opera*. I didn't like *Les Misérables* the first time I saw it but the second time I sat much closer and actually saw that there was some theatre happening on the stage.

Is it a lack of "theatre tradition" that makes theatre a poor cousin

to movies and television in this country?

We expect a realistic cause-and-effect kind of theatre here. We expect on stage the kind of structures that we see on the conventional movie screen. We're afraid of trying anything different because we don't want to scare audiences away.

Not to mention grant money.

In North America, we're always looking for that stamp of approval. We're not as comfortable in our craft as they are in Europe. England's Royal Court and even the Royal Shakespeare Company do things Stratford would be terrified to touch. They don't realize that if the production is good, the audience will come.

They feel they have to validate themselves by putting on these stodgy productions rather than saying, "Yes. We are the Stratford Festival. We are the continent's pre-eminent rep company. Now excuse us while we take a few risks."

It seems to me we've gone back to this love of melodrama, where grandiose sentimentality is paraded as honest emotion. And spectacle. We leave the theatre wiping our eyes saying, "Wow! That was great! That was great the way that trap door opened up and that giant radish popped up out of the floor and then it opened up and all these lights came out! And then when the radish died I cried and cried..."

Do you think people are afraid of theatre that is off beat? Have our lives become so gloomy that we want nothing but pure mindless entertainment? Or is it merely because they're afraid they'll see something they don't understand?

I don't think anyone understood *Les Miz*. I mean that story is so complex that you have to read five dense pages of plot synopsis in the program to understand it. And even then you're thinking, "What the hell? Who is that?" So it's not like *Les Miz* is simplistic. I think we live in conservative times. Everybody's into uniformity. North Americans basically share the same goals. People are into being the same as each other.

Has it always been that way? We tend to romanticize other

periods like the sixties.

In the sixties it was cool to be different. Now it's cool to be the same. I'm not saying one is better than the other. People in the sixties were just as much victims of the status quo as now. However I do think that now is a more stifling period.

Maybe that precarious balance between creativity and the bottom line that existed in the sixties has tipped too much the other way. Now it seems that the real art is in the making of money. People tend to admire Donald Trump and Lee Iacocca more than any artist. We're more impressed by the size of a production's budget than we are by the quality of the production. We're more impressed by how much money the Rolling Stones made than by whether or not they put on a good show. Do you think people like Peter Brook and Grotowski are working in a vacuum?

Grotowski has moved from being teacher to healer. He's into something called para-theatre. He has these week-end retreats that are almost survivalist, designed to bring about a breakthrough in your psyche -- a transformation of spirit. He used to try to accomplish this through theatre. Now he's trying a more direct approach.

Are you worried about finances for your company?

We did *God Is Dead*... for nothing. Alternative theatre has always been theatre of the poor. Poor in money but not poor in spirit or ideas. The only real expense is publicity and of course the space. That can be a problem.

You don't think theatre is dead then? Some people seem to think it is dead.

Grotowski said, "Theatre is dead. Long live theatre." It's a natural process. Anything that dies is somehow reborn. If it's going to die, great. Long live theatre.

Are you going to see *The Grateful Dead in Hamilton*? I've never heard of them. Who are they?

Second of two parts.

Jessica Lange Makes Music

Karen Sumner

In *The Music Box*, Jessica Lange co-stars with the Hungarian Philharmonic Orchestra in a beautifully filmed but occasionally weak story of a woman who must defend her father against accusations of war crimes. Both Lange and the H.P.O. are impressive, but Lange is especially notable for a very intelligent, un-Glenn Close performance in the courtroom. She does not wear seam-splitting short skirts or mannish over-tailored outfits. Nor does she specify or brow-beat the witnesses, which is now de riguer courtroom behaviour in films, especially when it is a woman who is the bully. Lange is soft-spoken and acts mainly with

her eyes, through which we can see both her determination and her intellect without her having to bristle around the courtroom in that steely I-am-so-much-in-control manner that we have so come to know and loathe. The film falters with all the sentimental business between Lange's young son (the perennially cute Lukas Haas) and her father (Armin-Mueller Stahl), and there are many moments when you wish the director (Costa-Gavras) would leave all the symbolism alone for a minute and get on with the story. But Jessica Lange looks great in the wine-coloured surroundings, and the music, while beating oppressively (almost claustrophobically) around her, jangles a score that leaves the other actors in the dust.

Art Gallery of Ontario

Musée des beaux-arts de l'Ontario

Philip Glass

Robert Ashley

John Cage

Meredith Monk

Peter Greenaway's television series *Four American Composers* will be screened in the Jackman Hall at the Art Gallery of Ontario on March 22 and March 23, 1990 in conjunction with a retrospective of his work.

Four American Composers features each composer in an hour-long examination of their music and working methods. Further information can be obtained by calling 977-0414, ext. 260. Admission is \$5.00 per screening.

Screening times and dates are as follows:

Thursday, March 22, 1990, 7:00 p.m.:

John Cage (1983, 56 min., colour)

Meredith Monk (1983, 56 min., colour)

Friday, March 23, 1990, 7:00 p.m.:

Philip Glass (1983, 56 min., colour)

Robert Ashley (1983, 56 min., colour)

■ RANDOM THOUGHTS ■

We have a winner!!!!

Kathy Humphreys

It started off as what could be classed as a normal morning. I went downstairs to the kitchen, had some breakfast, and read the newspaper. I then got up to check the mail; to check and see whether something new and exciting had been delivered at my doorstep (although I must admit that such a miracle has yet to occur).

Lo and behold, there was something after all. I carefully laid my friend's much-wanted letter to the side and looked closely at the envelope of the bulky, yet colourful piece of junk mail. Naturally, I was curious. I wondered: how stupid can this one be? how annoyed will I feel after reading it?

And so, this being my "last chance", I daringly took the jam-covered knife and opened the envelope. Suddenly, I was bombarded with my name. Attention KATHY HUMPHREYS! You may have won... KATHY HUMPHREYS. It is urgent -- KATHY HUMPHREYS. My name was everywhere: on stickers, on coupons, on 'pre-extraction date' winner's certificates. I have never seen my name in lights, but at least I have seen it on coupons.

The secrets of the universe were at my fingertips and it was now up to me to claim what I had oh so deservedly won. Here was the enduring proof that human beings ultimately do have free will.

Wonder of wonders: I could now purchase an "inspiring watch", one which had a picture of Jesus holding a lamb and the names of all twelve apostles: one name per number. When somebody asked me for the time, I could proudly announce it was Andrew past John,

or Bartholomew to Judas. And... if I would just send for this one small vial of Regina Royal Jelly, I could use what Margaret Thatcher uses (but would anyone *really* want to use what Margaret Thatcher uses?)

I no longer need look out the window and second-guess what the weather is like. Instead, I have to glimpse at the colour of a Meteorological Madonna and I will know exactly what kind of day it is. Lastly, for that giant space on the kitchen wall, which cries out for a picture... a lovely velvet painting of Elvis' Last Supper.

As the tension mounted, so the type style corresponded. From regular type to regular with emphasis, to block capitals. Finally, emphasized block capitals with certain key words or phrases, such as "free", or "at no cost", or "definitely", or "first category", printed in red.

I was now feeling very annoyed. What's-her-name's letter lay right beside me -- I had been waiting for it daily for over three months -- and here I was reading Wayne Wride's testimonial. Determined to solve the plot, to uncover the scheme, I quickly moved on to the "details of participation".

Naturally, there was nothing above the ordinary age requirements, descriptions of aforementioned prizes, standard 'skill-testing' arithmetical questions and deadlines. Once again I had wasted my minuscule amount of spare time, and consciously caused myself to be frustrated. I knew what would happen and yet I did it anyway. I grabbed my friend's letter and read through it. I can barely remember anything she said.

KABOOM!!



...urages us from checking the cited literature or corroboration. Watson got the real story from "personal anecdotes." Those of us who mong primate researchers, on "personal anecdotes," on't hobnob with such folks must trust Watson.

ENVIRONMENT

FRIEND OR FOE

Cheri

A recent late-night cafe conversation has left me somewhat troubled over the character of David Suzuki. A popular columnist and documentary personality, we have all warmed up to this Canadian saviour. To many, David Suzuki is the face of the environment. To others, he wears a phoney mask.

So there I was defending David Suzuki at three in the morning, my head a little weary, my facts not exactly clear. All I could utter was, "he's a mediator for the environment".

My opponent, a practicing environmentalist, a speaker and debater for Greenpeace, refuelling on another coffee, was ready to take me on. My companion, nibbling quietly on her falafel, was prepared to say out of the discussion.

Argument number one: David Suzuki is only in it for the money. The opinion of my opponent was that Suzuki, having discovered his very lucrative niche in life, is using the popularity of the environment as a tool for profit -- not unlike Dave Nichols and Loblaws. Apparently David Suzuki has a huge condo and an enormous CD collection and charges seven grand a shot to speak at any forum. If David Suzuki is so concerned about the inequity of wealth, why does he charge so much to preach his concern? Apparently Suzuki is nothing more than an entertainer on a subject for which he has found his glory, a market he has so cleverly cornered. Anyone else could speak on the topics he so much likes to reiterate in his columns, in his television specials, at his podium. The problem is that David Suzuki got there first, and anyone else, particularly those with more depth to their doctrines, have to yell from the sidelines.

My response: Much of this is true. I haven't heard of the CD collection, but I agree that David Suzuki says the same things over and over again without providing any real insight or solutions to the problems he presents. However, at least he is taking up precious airwaves and newspaper space and the problems are becoming engraved in people's minds. Here it comes -- "He is a mediator for the environment". Surely ("Don't call me Shirley," I was interrupted) others could do it better and dig below the shallow surface where Suzuki so cautiously treads water, but would others be able to capture

the market and the audience like good ol' David? We all know how radicals scare people away, especially if they are too left wing or anti-establishment. David Suzuki has gained the respect of the business community, the very people which my opponent, given the chance, would like to sit upon. I would like to sit upon them too, but I doubt I would be given a prime-time slot to do so.

Argument number two: David Suzuki is not really saying anything at all and for another coffee. Apparently David Suzuki keeps his nose clean by veering away from the real issues while continuing to profit from the environment. A typical Suzuki article may cover the following topics: Deforestation in the Amazon, the poverty of developing countries, inequity, World Bank lending, Global Warming (optional). It's the same old basic lesson on politics and the environment. What first-year university student is not aware of this. Why should David Suzuki continue to profit from the rehashing of his age-old thesis?

My response: Not everyone is a university student. Not everyone is aware of these issues. Umm... "David Suzuki is a mediator for the environment". Okay, so he does dwell on the same topics and perhaps diverts our attention from what is really happening. However, knowledge must begin from the basics. If people are really interested they may try to dig deeper than the "David Suzuki Variety Hour", but true, maybe they will not. Suzuki's words of wisdom inform but do more to entertain, I agree. Is our information coming from a narrow source? Are we being kept satisfied by a one-man show? Do we need more fibre in our diet?

Argument number three: David Suzuki is grooming himself for a political career. My friend has finished her falafel and is panicking for the cheque. I'm sleepy, confused, sadly shattered. Apparently David Suzuki, although he has assured us that he wants nothing to do with politics, has been secretly gaining the popularity of Canadians who desperately see him as a savior. Then one day when we are not looking, he'll join the reigning party and begin his campaign.

My response: If the worst thing to happen to the world be David Suzuki as Prime Minister,

then the future sure as hell looks brighter than it does now. Perhaps he is not the grass-roots radical we would like him to be, and maybe he adheres to "safe" slander, and maybe he does not tell us what we want to hear -- "Down with economics! Up with environmentalism and sustainable development! Join me as I lead the revolt against capitalism." But this is highly improbable. We are outnumbered by economic priority. What David Suzuki does is his best to work with the system rather than against it, because the latter will get you nowhere beyond the podiums of folk clubs and church halls and the pages of alternative magazines. I'm not saying that David Suzuki should be commended for what he does. He merely has molded himself into a secure position and uses his clout to address some important issues, however superficially he may do so. And I certainly am not disagreeing with my opponent. In fact, our opinions are not very different at all. I too wish that something more could be done and that more could be related to the public than just the basic facts. But we cannot put all of our hopes into one person -- David Suzuki. We must do it ourselves -- protest, lobby, vote, become involved. I volunteer for environment groups, and in my little way I help. I may never gain the public rating as our friend (or foe) David Suzuki, but then maybe someone else will, someone else with more revolutionary ideas, perhaps my opponent, who, incidentally, has been invited to debate David Suzuki sometime this year. I wish him luck.

As a final word I would like to ask, from an environmental standpoint, who would you prefer as Prime Minister, David Suzuki or Brian Mulroney?

My opponent: One's as bad as the other.

My reply: "Cheque please."

Auntie 'M' Speaks from the Kitchen

If you have eels in your hovercraft, don't come crying to me.

I've got a bigger fish to fry -- actually a pig portion. So I pose the question:

How do you know when to flip a piece of bacon? When is that split second before which the bacon is not done and after which it is? You may very well say it is a matter of personal preference, but regardless of where your taste lies on the bacon spectrum, there is a time when we will unanimously line up and declare the bacon done, and so for the other end.

My point is this: bacon is way too small for all the earth's inhabitants to live on, so they live on the earth instead. But this does not justify treating the earth like a strip of pork.

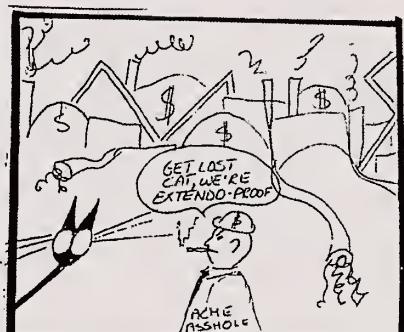
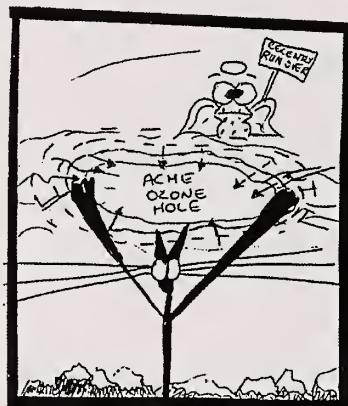
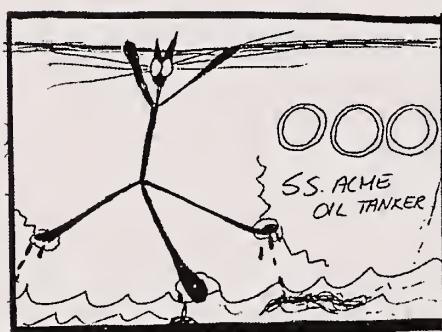
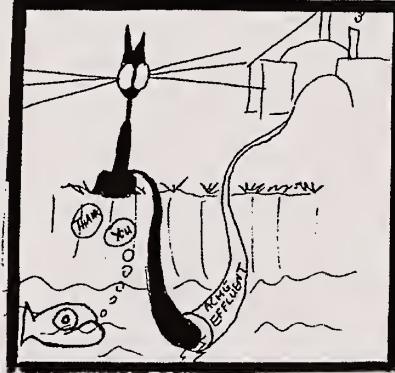
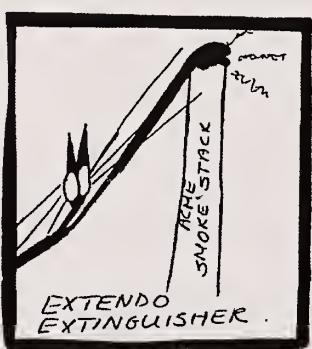
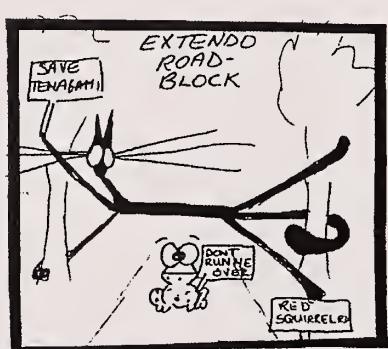
If you exceed your bacon's doneness factor you can throw it away. As yet we don't have a big enough trash can to put the world in, so turn the heat down.

We are amateur chefs with the globe in a pan over excessive heat. If we don't relax on pollutants spicing the atmosphere, or putting sludgey veggies in our ocean soup, or pulling all the trees out of the ground we are going to end up with an earth which is way too far down the bacon spectrum for anyone to stomach. So switch to leaner meat, and don't put the fat down the sink. The pan is on fire -- take a hint.



ENVIRONMENT

The Continuing Adventures of Extendo-Cat: The Superpowers of our Superhero...



Ask Myrtle
for environmental
advice

Dear Myrtle,
I was horrified to learn that Sidney Smith cafeteria charges forty cents extra for coffee if you bring your own reusable mug. Is this insane or what?
- Imnis student



Dear Imnis student,
I was not aware of this, for I seldom venture into such a chaotic cafeteria; however, I shall take your word for what you say and respond accordingly.

I imagine that an extra charge is placed on a personal mug because, generally, coffee mugs have the potential of holding more fluid ounces of coffee than do the small styrofoam cups provided by most cafeterias. I suggest you continue to bring your own mug but mark off a line that represents an equivalent volume to the standard styrofoam cup. Then they will have no justifiable reason to charge you extra. If they continue to charge you then all I can suggest

is that you immediately discontinue your patronage of such an environmentally-adverse establishment.

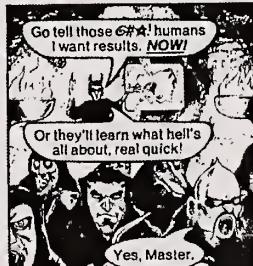
The Innis Pub, for example, encourages the use of reusable mugs. Unfortunately, the Pub has run out of "Innis Cafe" mugs but still welcomes the use of your own mug from home, however large it may be. I does not cost forty cents extra for two, three or even five more ounces of coffee. They are ripping you off, while demonstrating a disgusting lack of concern for the environment and the aware students who give a hoot.

Sometimes I wonder if the university doesn't aim to stifle the awareness of students, keeping their opinions muted in a muzzle of general texts. From the bookstore which charges thirty dollars for a fifty page paper-back, to the structured course that outlines what you can learn and memorize and spew back up for them during the final exam, the university constantly robs you of money and

individuality. Take it from me, a lazy middle-aged gal who once attended university but promptly dropped out after her first library fine, in university you spend so much time studying, that you haven't any time or any space to really learn.

What does this have to do with Sidney Smith cafeteria? Nothing really, but the point is that here we have the only full-hour university pub and look at it. A university population of fifty-thousand, and on a regular non-event night you might find six or seven people in the Hangar playing video games after a night class. But look on the bright side: after reading week, the Hangar will be boasting a sparkling new rotating gem -- a disco ball! Yes, the campus hotspot can afford a disco ball but it cannot afford to support the opinions and concerns of the students it services. Thank you for letting myself and the readers know about this atrocity.

- Myrtle

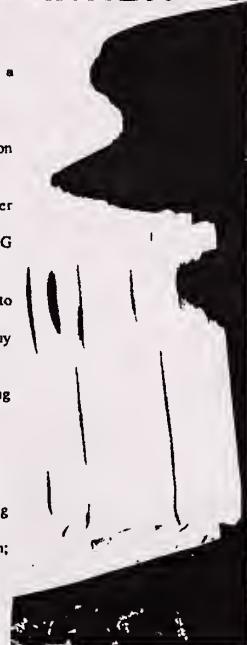


RANDOM THOUGHTS

ODIN & WARREN PUT FORTH THE CROSS

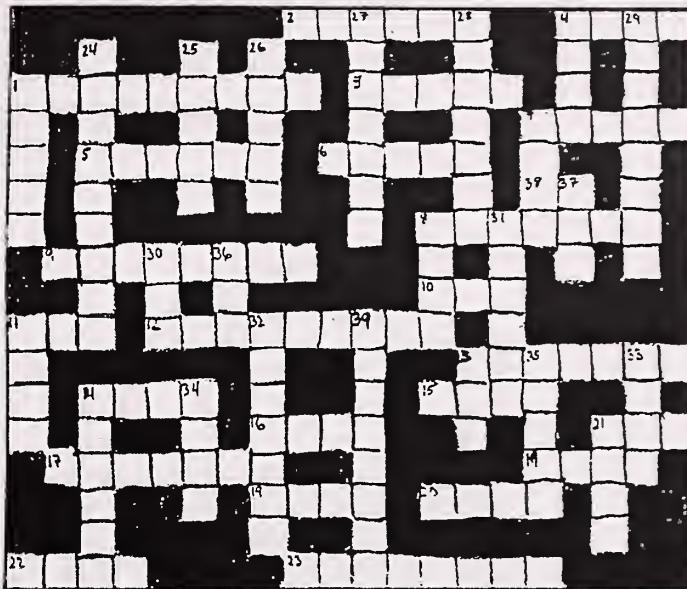
ACROSS

1. Founders of Metal (Hint: starts with a colour and ends with a bar salute).
2. NIGEL _____ of Tap fame.
3. "Smell the _____".
4. "Would you like to see the _____ on the end of a Rope?"
5. Lead guy from the Purple.
6. "Gimme some _____" (or) "You never give me your _____".
7. Australopithecine-like member of GNR.
8. "And _____ for All!"
9. Deep Purple: "They all went out to _____".
10. The assholes we have to legally buy our concert tickets from.
11. "____ Joe".
12. "Taking out my _____ / Poking your Ilay".
13. Keep Holy the _____.
14. "____ Ethel".
15. "____ aint no bad place to be"
16. _____ smith or _____ space.
17. Black Sabbath: "After _____" (a long time).
18. Drummer credits: Snake; Sabbath; Purple; ELP.
19. "Knockin' at your back _____".
20. "____ as a dog".
21. Metallica's latest ballad.
22. "____ of this world".
23. Mr. Tyler gets down in one.
38. You need this to enter the Gasworks or Rock & Roll Hell.



DOWN

1. "He's got Big _____".
4. Pope John _____ Jones.
7. A long thin METAL spike used to roast slabs of meat.
8. "She's got the _____".
11. Shhhh.
13. Driving force behind Motley Crue.
14. The man behind the mask.
21. He who consumes bats (so they say).
24. Not Heaven nor Hell.
25. "Sweet _____ of mine".
26. _____ Evil.
27. "Immigrants and _____ get out of my



way".
 28. Scorpions favorite words (just pick up any album).
 29. Iron Maiden's late 60's T.V. series tie-in.
 30. Spinal _____.
 31. _____ Tap. (talk about a freebee).
 32. "Women And Children And _____ Attack".

33. _____ Iommi
 34. _____ Coverdale.
 35. _____ Sabbath.
 36. "____ the Rich" (Motorhead).
 37. "____ with your boots on".
 39. John Robert _____ (Sabbath)

See ANSWERS, back page



\$Win\$ \$Cash\$ \$For\$ \$Art!!\$

Innis College will pay \$400 for the best visual rendering of the College. The rendering is to be used for a print for the Innis College's Recognition Award winners (awarded to graduating students on the basis of academic achievement and contribution to College life.)

The Admissions, Awards & Counselling Committee will consider all submissions. Work most suitable for a limited edition print will be given highest priority.

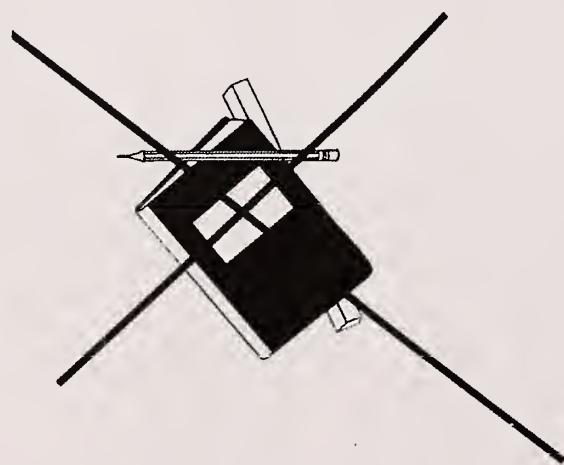
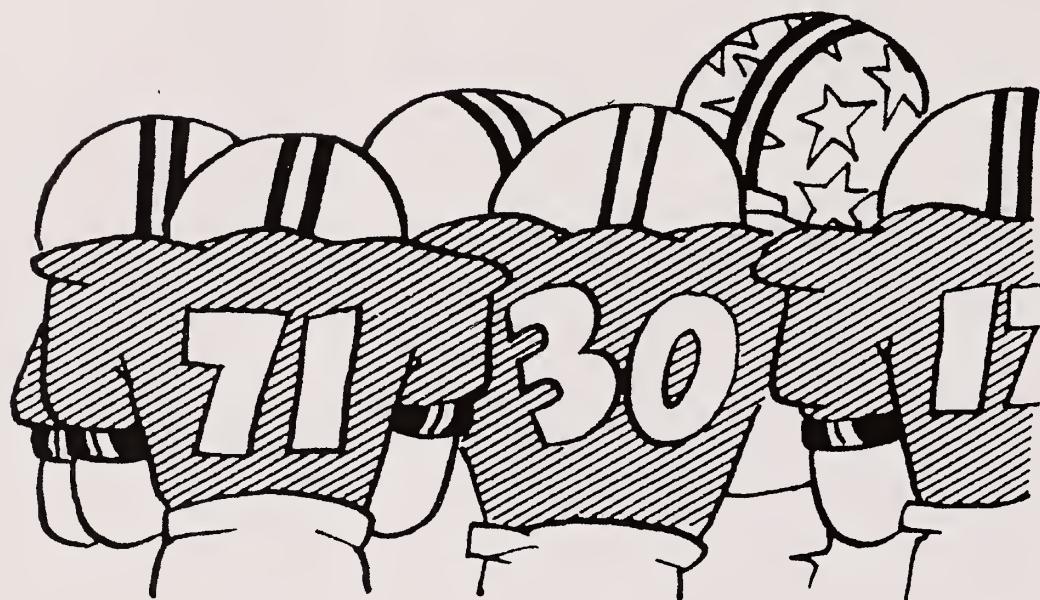
Deliver submissions to: Barn White, Moderator, Admissions, Awards & Counselling Committee (c/o Room 151) no later than 9 p.m. March 10, 1990.

INNIS TALENT NIGHT & COFFEE HOUSE MARCH 30

SIGN UP NOW AT THE INNIS PUB
AUDITIONS:
Thurs. March 22 & Wed. March 28

■ SPORTS ■

WHO ORDERED
THE SMALL
PEPPERONI?..



■ BACK PAGE ■

INNIS COLLEGE
PRESENTS

THE WAILERS

WITH
NATIVE SPIRIT

POB ^{A.N.D but}
[We apologize, ^{FRIDAY} for reasons beyond ^{SATURDAY} NT
our control, the ^{SUNDAY} ^{7:30P.M.} Wailers concert

TICKETS ON SALE ^{AV} ^{990, 10AM}
INNIS COLLEGE (200 ST. GEORGE)
OR
THE RECORD PEDDLER, (45 CARLTON ST.)
Held under special occasions permit

CANCELLED

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO

**AMNESTY
INTERNATIONAL**

ANSWERS: Odin & Warren's
Metal Crossword.

Across: 1. Blue Cheer 2. Tufnel 3. Glove 4. Pope 5. Gillan 6. money 7. Stash 8. Justice 9. Montreux 10. CPI 11. Hey 12. Pitchfork 13. Sabbath 14. Cold 15. Hell 16. Aero 17. forever 18. Cory (Powell) 19. doo 20. Sick 21. One 22. Lord 23. elevator 38. LD. Down: 1. Balls 4. Paul 7. spit 8. Jack 11. Hush 13. act 14. Cooper 21. Ozzy 24. porgatory 25. Child 26. see no 27. faggots 28. Love You 29. prisoner 30. Tap 31. Spinal 32. Cowards 33. Tony 34. Dave 35. Black 36. Eat 37. Dr. 39. Osborne

